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Title: Yew War- Third Battle

Author: by Grishnak  
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Grishnak strode  
through the fort,  
kicking up dust with  
his boots. Looking  
around, he saw the  
Orc war machine in  
full gear. Pugs  
hammering out more  
weapons, more armor.  
Majuks preparing  
their erbs and  
chanting to gain the  
power of the Bludgod.  
Wargh'Chai's rubbing  
their blades down  
with rancid rats. The  
push into Yew town  
was going well.

The little one  
Zha'Sheik runs up to  
Grishnak with a rock  
and drops it on his  
boot. Yelling in  
surprise, Grishnak  
hops on one foot,  
holding the other, then  
falling over onto a  
cookfire.

"Gah!" he yelled,  
rolling about trying to  
put out the flames.  
"Wot woz dat for?"

Grinning  
mistchievously,  
Zha'Sheik replied  
"Meh bopped ju! Har  
Har!" and darted away.

Rising to his feet, the  
bruised and burned  
Chieftain grumbled,  
then glared at the  
watching Orcs, all  
who suddently found  
other things to do.

Snarg came up to  
Grishnak, trying very  
hard not to let his  
smirk show.

"Dem redy for ju  
buss," he said.

Nodding, Grishnak  
went up into his tower  
to confir with Navrip  
and Smogg, leaders of  
the Disciples and the  
Necromancers. The  
three of them  
confered and planned  
and schemed. The  
next offensive into  
Yew took shape.

The next day, the  
Orcs assembled for  
war. Leading off were  
the Grekunk, the  
green death. Fading  
into the shadows of  
the forest, they moved  
into position  
overlooking the Yew  
Town Square. Noting  
the defensive lines  
the Yewbies had  
assembled, Og'din the  
Unseen left Voqk to  
watch and returned to  
the assembled horde at  
the Yew Sheep farm.

There he found  
Grishnak and Qog  
rousing the spirits of  
the Horde with shouts  
and promises of blood.  
Quickly Og'Din  
reported the position  
of the Yewbies and  
their numbers.  
Darting out between  
the legs of the  
assembled troops,  
Zha'Sheik yelled at  
the top of her little  
lungs "Meh wanna bop  
dem!" and she stooped  
to pick up a rock.  
Laughing, Smogg  
rallied his assembled

Necromancers and started heading north. The Orcs swept to the west, circling the south side of the Town Square and striking the Yewbie lines from their west flank.

The Yew Militia, the Clan Moor, the Sic Semper Gloria, and the Lost Order all had assembled a defense anchored on the Bowyer shop and the Butcher shop in the town center. A line of mounted knights stretched between the two, with archers and mages behind them. Covering their flank was another screen of mounted knights.

All knew that this battle would be critical. If they lost this, then the Orcs would be knocking on the doors of the Abby in no time. They HAD to push back the hordes. Their hope, that the Urban Knights would arrive at the field of battle in time to throw their weight of numbers into the fray.

The Orc horde crashed into the Knights, pulling them from their horses and pummeling with axes and spears. The sheer ferocity of the attack pushed back the line momentarily, and a moment was all that was needed.

Springing from the shadows, Grekunk Captian Voqk plunged a

rat coated blade into a  
Yewbie mage, causing  
panic in their ranks.  
The bend in the lines  
of the knights became  
a breach, and into it  
poured the Orcs.

Several Orcs lay dead  
or dying before taking  
3 steps into the Town,  
but over their bodies  
rushed more. The  
mass of numbers soon  
pinned the Yewbies  
against the Bowyar's  
walls. Now the  
Necromancers entered  
the battle, hurling  
their black magic  
spells into the few  
remaining knights.  
Their charred and  
blackened remains  
sliding to the ground  
in a tinkle of broken  
chainmail was the  
death durge of the  
Yewbies.

The last knight,  
unhorsed, threw  
himself to his knees.  
Pulling his helm off  
his head, he looked up  
at the massed Orcs.

"I beg of you, mercy!"  
he cried.

Pausing, the Orcs  
laughed cruelly at his  
plight. Then  
Zha'Sheik darted out  
between their legs and  
bopped him on the  
head.